

OREGON TEACHERS REMEMBER

Bicentennial Edition

Oregon Coast

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Assoc. Incorp.*

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The most amusing thing was the day I kept a puppy in my desk all day. My classes all knew about her, but the principal did not know it until after four o'clock.

Then last but not least I must include an incident that happened my first year of teaching in a little rural school. One morning I attempted to unlock the school house door as usual but to my great surprise it was unlocked. I entered to find a roaring fire in the big stove, desks in place, floor swept, blackboards cleaned, and a message "Dear Teacher, Thank You" written on the blackboard. A tramp had wandered in and took shelter from the storm in my schoolroom.

MEETING THE CHALLENGE

Bernice I. Pankratz

It would be presumptuous of me to say that my teaching career has been an illustrious one but perhaps more of the commonplace. Not unlike thousands of teachers, I began my teaching in a one room rural school in Clackamas County in the early 1920's, with an enrollment of 17 pupils earning a salary of \$85.00 per month. This salary was paid for the duties of a country school teacher-principal, as fire builder, bellringer, floor sweeper, desk duster, soup pot overseer, playground supervisor, blackboard cleaner, program planner, toilet police, and a host of other duties too numerous to mention along with the business of educating youngsters in grades two, three, four, five and seven.

Of necessity, I boarded with the family of a school board member since my home was 23 miles distant. That was an exceedingly enjoyable year for me since those were the days of community sociability, when the community was party oriented. There need not be a holiday for the occasion of a basket or pie social in the school house where everybody for miles around turned out to buy some maiden's basket or pie. Ah! but those were the days, my friend--those days are gone forever!

After my teaching in rural schools I spent several years in Coos Bay and Coquille schools. Departmental assignments were given so I was in the Social Studies and Language Arts programs.

Due to an accident on my way to school one very foggy morning, I concluded that it was a good time to begin my retirement and not risk my life by driving in such weather. No sooner had I begun reveling in retirement when I received a call from the local Superintendent and then from the Director of Pupil Personnel asking me to consider taking a special education class of 15 junior high school age mentally retarded trainable children. This was a real challenge to me but after much deliberation and a great deal of praying for guidance I gave my answer and for the next five years I met that challenge. I really enjoyed those children and to me it was real rewarding. Perhaps that phase of my life and the next several years with those darling five-year olds in my kindergarten classes were the highlights in my career.

MY CHOICE

Maude Crouter

After 42 years in teaching in Oregon schools, 34 of them in Astoria, Clatsop County, and some 6000 teen-agers later, I find it rather difficult to select one pupil or one day as outstanding.



Could it be my first year when at age 18, I taught my first one room school? A youngster came up to my desk and said, "A wood rat has ate up all of my lunch and something has got to be did!" We did do something which extended beyond recess time and, in the middle of our house cleaning, in walked the County School Superintendent! Or could it be the lad who just last week sent me a letter and asked, "Do you remember me! I was certainly not your finest student but I would so like to hear from you and learn how you have been these last 53 years!" (Right then Old Rip Van Winkle had nothing on me).

Or could it be that brilliant 'book worm' who turned out to be a fine judge in one of the Southern states. Perhaps it is the girl who wanted to be a history major, then took her MA in Library Science and on graduation was hired to assemble the materials for the Eisenhower Library in Kansas. Then she was called to Washington, D.C. to classify and file the tapes and papers on the Nixon Administration and later sadly wrote, "Now I know what a subpoena is."

Because there are so many of my former students still 'dear to me' and I could not possibly write about each one, I have selected for my story an outstanding teacher and citizen of Clatsop County who has gone far beyond the call of duty not only in her teaching career but is most active in the educational, religious and community affairs in this area.

Miss Dorothy Whitney's elementary education was scanty. She attended two one room schools, one in Cass County, Minnesota and then in Wheeling, Arkansas, where she managed to get as far as the seventh grade. Again the family moved, this time to Oklahoma and without benefit of a high school education she entered a Junior College in Durant. Graduating here she enrolled in the University of Oklahoma at Norman receiving her B.A. degree in 1922, in education. In 1929 she obtained her M. A. from Stanford University and in 1932 she graduated from the University of Illinois with a degree in Library Science. During her college years she became proficient in translating several foreign languages.

In 1948, Miss Whitney came to Seaside where she was employed as the high school librarian and also taught Latin. She retired in 1959 but they called her back the next fall saying that they could find no one to fill her place. In the preceding years she had been hired by the city of Seaside to catalog the books for the City Library, a tremendous undertaking.

When she retired Miss Whitney said, "I just can't sit down and quit." She became active in many community affairs and other organizations which keep her busy. She is a charter member of Sunset Unit # 12, OREA, where she has served in many official positions; a member of Tau Chapter, Delta Kappa Gamma, a women teachers honorary society, and is also active in the American Association of University Women.

In 1972 Miss Whitney was nominated as the "Outstanding Retired Teacher of the Year" by both the AARP and the OREA organizations of Clatsop County. This was in conjunction with the Silver Anniversary of the National Retired Teachers Association, a nation wide contest. Although she did not receive the State Award she missed the top selection by only two points.

We felt that her greatest recommendation for this award was her continuing interest in people. Perhaps it is a word of admonition and a cookie to a tiny one in her neighborhood when they get into trouble, or it may be some teen-ager who comes to her for a word of advice or encouragement. It may be some college student coming home for a visit who

just 'comes in for a few minutes to see how you are' and remains for that cup of tea and gets some wise counselling on the problems that have been bothering him.

Because of her qualities of courage, dependability, resourcefulness, the deep appreciation and understanding of the problems of all age groups, this alert, active, tiny 81 year young retired teacher is "My Choice."

NUMEROUS SKILLS NEEDED

Jane Harland Colgan

It was in September, 1924, after one year at Oregon Normal at Monmouth, that I taught my first school. This was located eight miles up Pistol River, just twenty-two miles from Gold Beach, Oregon.

I had eight pupils distributed in the first, third, fifth and eighth grades. I had no previous educational preparation for teaching and nothing was required except agriculture. In this mountain school there was no need of that course. I should have been trained in barbering, medicine and bookkeeping. I cut the hair of three boys all year, gave first aid, answered numerous medical questions and kept all my own records. That school register was a real headache for a neophyte. I worked for many nights one time to find a lost half day.

The County School Superintendent lived in Gold Beach but she was too large to ride a horse and cars couldn't get through. The road had washed out and no one had the ambition to fix it. I went to see her once during the year.

The most serious academic problem was to get my one eighth grader ready for the required state tests. This was no easy task. She made it and the others completed their grades, too.

Five of the children were from one family and although they lived only six miles from the ocean they had never seen it. It was easy to make school exciting for these children.

The school house was a log structure so new that the cracks hadn't been calked. On windy days we had to put up with the wind whistling through. Our heat was a wood stove started each morning by the teacher. Water came from the creek near by and was shared by a single dipper from a pail. Sanitary facility was a single seater. The children all helped with sweeping, carrying wood and bringing in water.

I had to survive all sorts of tests before I was accepted: dead fish on my desk, salamanders and mice set free on the floor, a pail of water perched on top a partly opened door, scary tales of local events, and unclean bodies. On rainy days, and there were lots of them, we had to hang stockings, coats, and sometimes shirts and dresses around the stove to dry. The odor was terrific. One family changed undies only in fall and spring. The girls only washed their hair in the summer.

The school term was eight months long and paid a salary of \$920.00 a term. The chairman of the board that year signed X to my checks. I paid \$25.00 a month for room and board with a very clean family who lived two miles up the mountain from the school. An old bachelor loaned me a good horse to ride. Six months later he took it back because I wouldn't marry him. Another bachelor loaned me a horse---no strings at-

ter was provided in a bucket with a long handled dipper used by all. At the time school opened the community consisted of the three lighthouse keepers and their families and a nearby farmer with no school children. Of the nine children in school five belonged to the head keeper, one was his niece who lived with them and three in the family with whom I boarded. When the school was about half over another family moved into the area. They had five children so my enrollment was fourteen pupils.

Recreation? All of our own making of course. Climbing around on rocks, roaming the beach, hunting agates in the Devil's churn and sometimes fishing. Once when very venturesome I went down to the ocean on the almost perpendicular cliff just north of the lighthouse. At one point as I was climbing I thought they might need to get the third teacher to finish school for I slipped badly. Since I was always exploring new territory I was dubbed the "Mountain Goat".

The keeper with whom I boarded was often ill. His wife frequently took his turn at the watch. Many times I accompanied her. We took apples and popcorn and some handwork to the lighthouse which was a quarter of a mile by board walk from the house. We took turns at winding up the huge weight every two hours to keep the light turning.

One night a neighbor needed help with a nine month old baby which had convulsions. No doctor was available. Some of the neighbor women went to her aid. Teachers were supposed to know many things so I went along. I knew very little about babies as I was the youngest in my family. The baby pulled through in spite of all the ignorance.

I enjoyed those three months and hope my pupils learned something too.

COMMERCIAL CLASS

Sedoris Jordan Daniels

The day after receiving my B.S. degree from Oregon Agricultural College (now Oregon State University) in 1926, I was thrilled with my first contract to teach in the Coquille High School. My year's salary of \$1275 seemed munificent.

Coquille in the southwestern part of Oregon, a typical lumbering and dairying community, had a population of near 3500. Teachers boarded in various homes. The one apartment house seldom had vacancies for teachers.

The high school faculty was composed of mostly young teachers, hence it was a pleasant situation for a beginning teacher. There was a student body of about 300, some of these students came from neighboring areas and lived in rooming houses or with families.

I taught six classes of commercial subjects. Those were the days of perfect typing copies. How cruel that really was! As Junior class advisor I had to coach class plays. It was decided to have two one act plays plus a skit and with the help of another teacher these proved a success. Soon after the town performance we put on the plays and skit in a Grange hall about forty miles from Coquille. Evidently this was a real threat, for our audience came from miles around. The evening ended with our being served oyster stew by the Grange ladies.

There was a typing team to drill toward the end of the year. This team competed with several county high schools among which the Coos River High School. This school could be reached only by boat. At that time, it was said to be the only school in the United States where students had to use river transportation to attend school.

My students were really exceptional. No discipline problems and all were anxious to learn. Many of these students had never been out of that rather isolated area. Not many boys owned a suit of clothes.

One of my most interesting students, Haldane (Buzz) Holmstrom later was the first man to make, alone, the trip down the Colorado River from Green River to Lake Mead. This adventure brought both him and Coquille fame. The Saturday Evening Post published an account of this trip in its February 26, 1938 issue.

My one year at Coquille High was followed by two years in the high school of my birthplace, Astoria, Oregon. This time I started with a salary of \$1260. We were allowed ten days of sick leave and three days for death in the immediate family.

My principal in Astoria had been my 8th grade arithmetic teacher. He was a dedicated educator and strict disciplinarian, though he seldom had use for the latter. No turmoil in that school.

Here I had a free period each day, what a treat from the previous year. My extra duty was to sponsor a drama and debate group of girls, the Dega Drams. I had been one of the organizers of the group in 1919 when a student in the school. I presently (1975) correspond with the faculty organizer of that group.

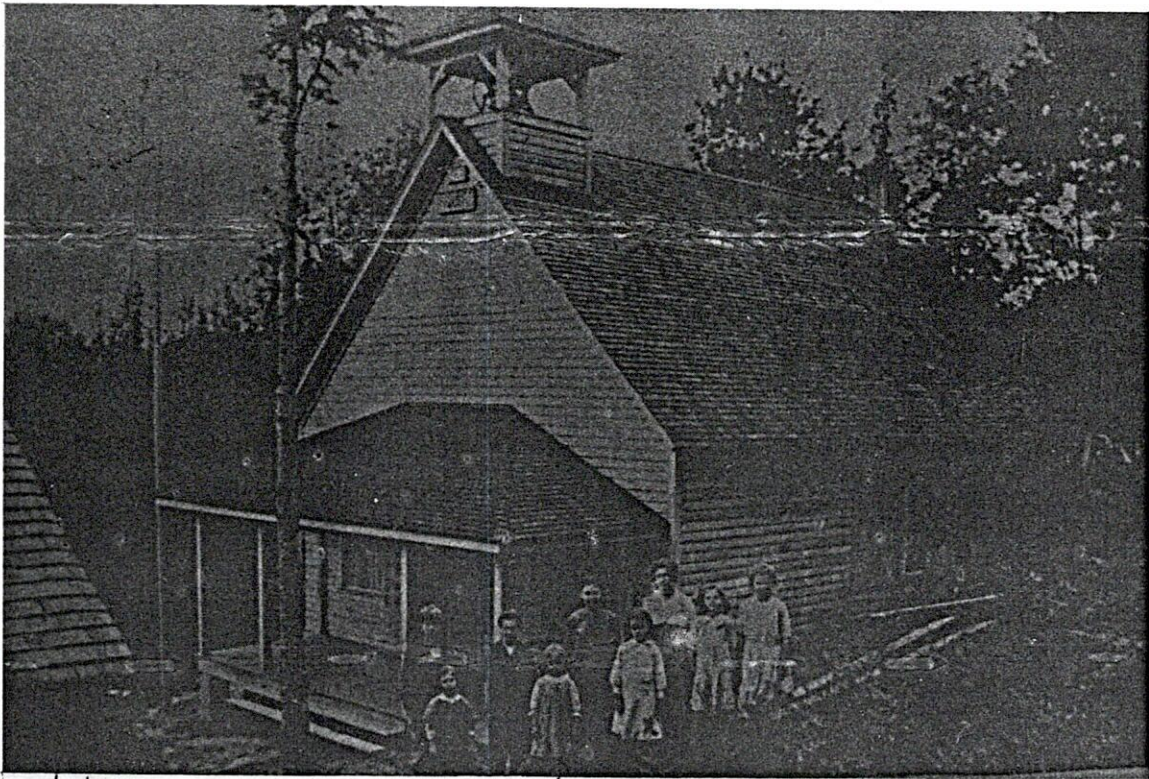
THE PASSING OF VESPER SCHOOL

Pearl Gischler

The little two-room Vesper School, near Berkenfeld, was consolidated with Jewell about 1939 or 1940. Eleanor Iverson and I were its teachers the last two years of its existence. We had a Play Day and picnic on the last day. The parents came and most of the children cried as they left, realizing that there would be no more Vesper School.

Eleanor and I, living in the teacherage behind the school, took turns building the fire in the school room on winter mornings. One very cold morning, as I started the fire, I had to rake the ashes with care, as the ancient grate was on the point of collapsing. I got the fire well started, swept the floor, then returned to the teacherage to dress and have breakfast. Returning, I found the fire burning well and the room beginning to warm up. Before putting in two more sticks, I gave the fire a vigorous poke, and the lower door flew open, the old grate slid out in two pieces, and great glowing embers and blazing pieces of wood rolled out on the oil-soaked wooden floor. (The floors were mopped with oil to keep down dust). I remember thinking, "Here goes little old Vesper School!" There was no water supply nearer than the Nehalem River, a quarter of a mile away. When the driver came with the school bus, she would bring the day's supply of drinking water in a milk can. The water bucket on the wash bench was empty.

I felt a burning coal against my foot, and looked down. I grabbed the two sticks of wood I had just brought in, and with them managed to pick up the burning sticks and put them back in the stove. Then I raked the burning embers into the empty waste basket and set it outside on the ground.

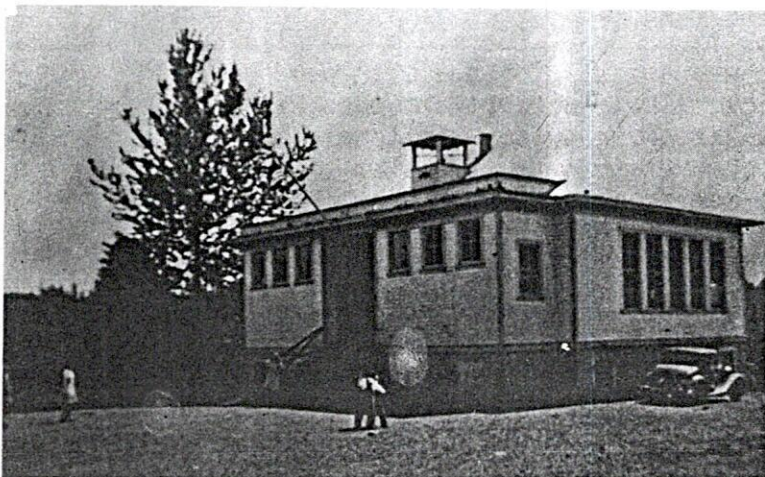
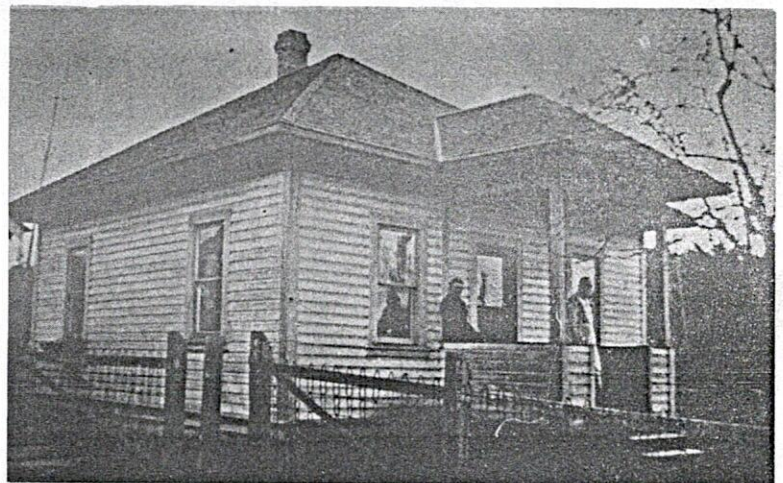


District

Veda Johnston, Wagner

Vesper School - District # 19

Vesper School Teacherage
District # 19, Clatsop County



Fernhill School, District #18
Clatsop County.

When the bus arrived with the children, all was in order. The room was warm and smelled only slightly smoky. An old crushed oil can served as temporary lower door for the stove. The children noticed the linoleum rug in front of the stove, but not one asked why. It served to cover the badly charred area until proper repairs could be made.

LAWSUITS BEGIN

Stella Holt

How does one attempt to incapsulate forty years of teaching grades one through twelve into one typewritten page? Perhaps incidents from the earlier years and a comment on changes and likenesses over the years will serve best.

I made the transision from the snow and cold of northern Minnesota to the rain and warmth of Oregon in 1936 to teach first and second grades in the four-room Eastside School across the bay from Marshfield now Coos Bay. The building was adequate, the children adorable and mostly intelligent, and the people friendly. The ten per cent discount on warrants received as salary had to be accepted as part of life during those years of economic depression. I remember one graduation night when another teacher and I were fulfilling the traditional rite of arranging flowers to be presented to the graduates as they left the temporary stage in the basement. We looked up in horror to see huge rats running back and forth on a bare beam above the seated eighth grade graduates and the speakers. We shuttered to think what might have happened if one of the girls had looked up!

Another incident happened at the now dismantled Westside School in North Bend. A small boy while playing in the school yard on a Saturday had broken his elbow in a fall on the wooden sidewalk in front of the school. The parents brought suit against the school district and individual board members for negligence in keeping the walk safe. I had previously taken several pictures of the children at recess which showed the walk to be in very good condition. The board used these pictures as part of their defense and the parents lost the case.

The contrast was great when I came to the modern, well-equipped Cottage Grove High School to teach College Preparatory Mathematics. Mathematics went through many changes during those years. World War II made mathematics a very popular subject and Sputnik I caused a change from the traditional to modern teaching of mathematics. Students also changed through the years, becoming more sophisticated and cynical in the late sixties, but emerging as mature, positive thinkers in the early seventies. Gone are the carnivals, the May Day festivals and class picnics of thirty years ago, replaced by more sophisticated home coming and inter-school athletic meets of today.

There has been a common thread running through all of my varied teaching experiences - the differences and originality in students has always been cherished, and that spark between teacher and student, that light in a young person's eyes that tell you that something you have transmitted has been understood and that learning and the thrill of discovery are taking place.

SUBSTITUTE SCHOOL ROOMS

Hilma Peterson

My first teaching position was in the sixth and seventh grades at the Brownsmead School. I had fourteen pupils and the primary teacher had eight. The next year it became a one-room school so I moved on to Central Oregon since my principal had seniority and wished to stay.

Lyle Gap was nine miles north of Madras where I had eight pupils in three grades. We rode horse back the two miles to school or drove an Indian pony hitched to a buggy. The outstanding event of the year was a sandstorm that closed school for two days.

My next two years were in a one-room school at Sylvan Dale, adjoining the district where I had first started teaching. My enrollment of twenty children were in all grades. This was during the depression and my second year's pay was in warrants, some of which were not redeemed until the following year.

For several years I did not teach as I was married. When the war was declared my husband volunteered for service in the Sea Bees so I went back to teaching.

An interesting day at Seaside was on the day President Roosevelt declared war. School was dismissed early due to a threatened air raid.

My first three years of teaching upon my return to the classroom were at Gearhart where my classroom for a time was upstairs in the city hall. This meant taking the children across the highway to the main building twice a day. I had an unusual split section there --- third, fourth, and sixth grades.

From Gearhart I went to the Binnsmead School in Portland where I spent 23 years. In 1948 the building consisted of a double row of portable buildings along a central hall. Each room had a huge stove with a sheetiron jacket. Twice a day the custodian came through with a wheelbarrow load of wood and fired up. During the heavy snows of the second winter the hall was graced with criss-crossed two-by-fours to prevent it from collapsing. The new building went into use in 1950 -- one of Portland's finest.

BROOKINGS GREW TOO FAST

Frances Morris

We were puzzled, my husband and I, as we drove along the street facing the main schools in Brookings, Oregon, on that rare clear and sunshiny day to see that, where there should have been lights, children and activity, there was nothing at all going on. Seeing Chuck, a seven year old boy we knew walking along the sidewalk, we pulled over to the curb and called out, "Chuck, where is everybody?"

With his usual, always polite, willing-to-help-you smile, Chuck stopped and answered, "Oh, there is no school today. The teachers have all gone to the institution."

Little did I know that spring day that I, too, would be going "to the institution" myself as one of the regular teachers the next fall, and for many springs and falls after that. I remember one in particular when we went to Gold Beach for a three-day session, to find the building quite cold. Lots of teachers caught colds and were sick afterward. So many teachers were sick and so few substitutes available in those

The principal did not want regimented discipline, and instructed us to teach the children self-discipline. I remember him most as standing in the doorway of his office, with a big, big smile, plucking caps off little boys' heads, and picking out violators of other people's rights in the hall. He was always there and on time.

PROGRESS IN EDUCATION

Bessie Nichols

The progress made in the field of education had been tremendous from the first year of my teaching in 1927 to the last in 1968.

My first year of teaching was in 1927 in a two-room country school with a salary of \$60.00 per month. I had to do my own janitor work and furnish most of my own supplies.

The most rewarding year of my teaching was in 1966-1967 in Gearheart Elementary school in Gearhart, Oregon, where I had a "Special Reading Room" just to help the pupils that needed extra assistance in reading. We had special books, tape recorders, machines for improving the speed and continuity of reading. Special books were used in comprehension of reading. All the supplies we needed were furnished including an Aide to help me.

The salary for one month this year was twice the amount received for my first whole year of teaching.

MEMORIES - GOOD AND BAD

Agnes Ramvick

I, Agnes Ramvick, had graduated in June from the teachers' training program in the Astoria High School, and before me was my first teaching contract. This was in a one-room school at Kerry, Oregon, with 36 pupils, mostly beginners, but the challenge was preparing ten eighth graders for the state examinations. I received \$65.00 per month for an 8-month term. I walked five miles to and from school, along the railroad track until a family agreed to rent me two rooms where I could do my own housekeeping. There was some trouble with some of the big boys who persisted in smoking. One of them became offensive and had to be transferred by the county superintendent. To avoid taking sides in a neighborhood "scrap" I had to cease stopping for afternoon coffee at another home. An alder forest now covers the site of that schoolhouse.

After two years attendance at teachers' college in Fresno, California, I came home to work under greatly improved conditions in other elementary schools near home, but there was still a succession of one-room schools and combination grades. I could hardly believe stories of teachers who had no more than six pupils. Sometimes my additional duties included physical education, art supervision, and library. For six years I taught evening classes in "beginners English" for adults who were candidates for citizenship.

I must not forget one visitor who knocked at my door during my first year at Olney. This woman, "big as a minute", clad in gum boots and farm attire, was the distinguished Dr. Owen-Adair.

In 1922 teachers had to take an oath of allegiance to the State of Oregon and to the United States. Three years later, I was forced to resign because of the objection to married women teaching. Due to the shortage of teachers during World War II, married women were again wel-

come in the teaching profession. However, when invited back, I had to start over at a beginner's pay schedule. During the next few years I earned my B.S. degree by attending summer school.

My last fifteen years at Knappa under a fine superintendent, William Jones, were the happiest. The memories, both good and bad, of the forty-three years and more than I gave to the teaching profession, are all that I'll ever need as a reward for my years of services.

WONDERFUL BYGONE DAYS

Virginia Jones

How things have changed since that September morning in 1918 when I stood in the doorway of a familiar clean schoolroom which was lighted by two windows on each side. In front of the blackboard were the teacher's desk and chair, the recitation bench, a small table with a few books, and a small stand holding a large dictionary. All of these were on a low platform. A wood heater, several pupils' desks, and two chairs for visitors were on the front floor space.

My experience didn't amount to much that year. The horrible 1918 flu prevented school attendance in late October. Besides the few pupils other factors were unfavorable. Limited teaching guides outlined the grade work; pupils furnished their own books so there were no extra copies; and no library books were available.

Another school where I taught only had six months of school. Some of these children walked four miles each way daily to get their education.

After teaching six years in one-room schools, primary work became important to me. In Geribaldi, Oregon, I taught the first grade for nineteen years then I taught six or seven years in kindergarten.

SHADES OF MURIEL WATKINS

Florence Tagg

During the last year of the High School Teachers' Training course in the post World War I period, some of us were initiated into the subjects of pedagogy, psychology, etc., as applied to elementary school children. All this happened in Astoria High School under the guidance of Muriel Watkins. All our observation and practice teaching were done in the Astoria elementary schools. We emerged with worlds to conquer; my world being the first four grades of Morrison School District #2, my own home district.

On the last Friday of January, 1922, I graduated and on the following Monday my teaching career began. During bad southwest storms it was necessary to carry extra dry hose, to change after the mile walk to school. Imagine my amazement one day to see one of my fourth grade girls wearing a pair that I had lost in a storm!

I became so enamored with teaching children at the primary grade level that though I had planned to teach home economics in high school after one year at Oregon Agriculture College (Now Oregon State University) I transferred to the Oregon Normal School and primary education.

FRINGE BENEFITS

Freda Robinson

With a High School Teacher Training Course, a Summer School session at the Oregon Normal School, and nearing my nineteenth birthday I was ready to teach my first school at Gearhart, Oregon. The school had two buildings, one of which was for grades one through fourth the other was for grades five through eight. The interior was just like any other small school in those 1918-1919 days, outside plumbing, the water pail and dipper, brown bag lunches for those children who lived too far to go home at noon. The teacher carried her lunch also.

I was the oldest child in a large family and the feeling that came over me on that first day was, "This is just like helping my brothers and sisters with their homework!" I recall that I had only one first grader, the adopted son of Rev. Brougher of Portland. He and his wife took their vacation at Gearhart. Their beautiful blond, curly headed youngster would come to my desk to read his Primer, look up at me and say, "Teacher, may I sit on your lap?" He later became a Baptist minister.

At recess the children played Farmer in the Dell, Tag, Duck on the Rock, Hide and Seek, Ring Around the Rosie, etc.

One day I asked my third graders to name the continents. They named them all but one. Trying to help them I asked, "What (continent) do we live on?" "Cabbage and black bread," came the answer.

After two years of teaching at Gearhart I taught school in Washington, also attended Ellensburg Normal before returning to Oregon. In Klamath Falls I substituted as a primary teacher. As a second grade teacher I often reminded the class to go to bed by 8:00 or 8:30 to get the needed rest. A sweet little girl who was permitted to watch television late each night announced, "My mother says we don't have to mind you! You are nothing but a public servant!"

JOY OF TEACHING

Katherine Salvon

My early dreams of becoming a teacher were led to fulfillment by taking the teachers training course in high school. The two years I taught on this certificate helped to finance my college education.

My first job was in a two-room country school about three miles from my home. I had nine first graders; the remaining fourteen pupils in grades two, three and four. My first graders, all as frightened as I, had nine different personalities. There were identical twins who spoke a jargon of their own, and whom I repeatedly offended by confusing their names. The two or three Finnish children could speak no English but the others, at least, spoke my language and helped the rest.

All my experience has been in my local area. Twenty years were spent as principal of an elementary school. I hesitated long before accepting that offer, but the challenge turned out to be a joy. Many capable teacher worked with me, giving me support and help.

I wish I had kept a diary of the bright sayings of children for they really say comical things. For instance, the freckled-faced boy who approached me the first day saying, "Gee, teacher, you have an awful lot of freckles." Then the lesson on the Arctic Circle when a dreamy

child said, "It is in Astoria. We buy hamburgers and milkshakes there." Another child asked why I always called myself "Captain" when I answered the telephone. Katherine sounded like Captain to him.

There have been many, many changes through the years in materials, methods and finances but the basic method of working with pupils is the same. You teach, they learn. It has been rewarding to see the outcome of former pupils, as in any operation there are some culls but the majority have lives of good citizenry and fine responsibilities. After forty years of teaching, I would not exchange one day of it for a day in any other profession.

ASH VALLEY SCHOOL

Mae Samsel

Ash Valley School, District No. 125, is considered to be the last "one-room" school in Douglas County. It is one mile above Loon Lake which is seven miles from Highway 38. Every foot from Highway 38 toward Loon Lake becomes more rugged and isolated due to the sharp curves, dangerous jump-offs into Mill Creek and the back to nature forest road which due to the influence of the coast climate becomes a regular rain forest region of the Coast Range. This section of Oregon is called Little Hawaii.

Ash Valley School District has repeatedly voted against consolidation with other school districts. The citizens are determined to keep their little school. At one time when the district was threatened with closure due to the lack of a teacher and too few pupils, they were fortunate in getting a teacher who had a large family of children. A teacherage is connected to the school.

The first year that I taught in Ash Valley in 1966, we had thirteen pupils and the second year, fifteen. Mrs. Florence Shepherd was the district clerk and was so anxious that the school remain open that she became my teacher's aide.

Communications with the outside world are almost nil. There are no telephones, but in case of an emergency, Bud Taylor, a neighbor has a 2-way radio to Scottsburg about fifteen miles away. If it snows there is no transportation.

During the big snow in 1968, hundreds of birds came to the area. There were all kinds, many that I had never seen before, including many water birds from the coast as snow is unusual on the coast. They all wanted inside the school. We fed nearly all the bread we had as they were almost starved. The deer also wanted inside and were so tame, they ate out of our hands and followed the children right up onto the porch.

It was a pleasure in many ways to teach in a one-room school. I really enjoyed it as all was very quiet and peaceful. One has more freedom to do what is best for the children. We opened each day with prayer and flag salute which everyone approved.

I AM PART OF ALL THAT I HAVE MET

Lucy Daniel Seidel

With six weeks of normal school in the summer of 1920 and six weeks more in the summer of 1921 after graduation from the Wheeler High School I entered the school room in the fall of 1921.

We had identical twin boys who were so alike that only their mother could identify them easily. She dressed them in blues and grays so they could be identified. These brothers worked out a scheme to their enjoyment and pleasure. We never did know exactly how long it worked but we were certainly aware when it ended.

One boy liked history, the other preferred English so they simply changed shirts or sweaters between classes and one boy had English twice a day, the other had social studies. Because of class recitation reaction when they responded to questions we soon realized something was not exactly "kosher." We thought for sometime what might be up and finally hit upon a solution.

Citizenship grades were kept as diligently in those days as in other subjects so we decided to take off citizenship on the boys whenever we had the slightest chance to do so. We felt guilty while doing this for both boys were good.

Yes, you guessed it. They soon came to us and told us what they were doing. They just couldn't see the citizenship grade go to the wrong boy. From that time on each boy did his own work. Robert continued to enjoy English and endured Social Studies while Rupert continued to like Social Studies and managed to get through his English period.

A BOUQUET FOR TEACHER

L.H. Shields

I had always loved wild flowers and all my students knew it. Our school house was built near a slough where the skunk cabbage grew in profusion. When they bloomed I mentioned to the class how beautiful they were.

The next morning on my desk was a huge bouquet tied with a yellow bow. No, I didn't throw them away. I arranged them in a vase and put them on my desk.

As my classes came through I watched for the 'Culprits.' The odor got worse and worse. Finally, about eleven o'clock four boys came marching in and said, "You win!" Nothing more was said. They took the flowers and got rid of them. We all had a good laugh and even today I associate skunk cabbage with those happy days in Bandon.

INTRODUCTION TO OREGON

Dorothy Whitney

Before 1920, teaching positions were more easily obtained than now. With a diploma from a "Normal School" in Oklahoma, and three years experience in a small denominational college for girls, I picked a spot on the map, addressed a letter to "Superintendent of Schools, Coquille, Oregon," and got the job! I arrived, already charmed by the cool greenness of the Coast, in early September, 1919.

Only two boarding places were available. One was in a private home; an unfinished attic room, with bare rafters sloping almost to the floor on one side. The other, believe it or not, was in the courthouse. The bailiff, who was also the janitor, had living quarters on the ground floor, where his wife, an excellent cook and housekeeper, rented out two bedrooms and served meals. On court days her long table was crowded.

At that table, that year, I gained not only weight, but knowledge of a darker side of life as discussed by court clerks, lawyers, and their clients. A special guest for several weeks was a six year old boy removed from the custody of an abusive stepmother. He was waiting for his grandmother to claim him.

The high school work in itself presented few difficulties. The administration was competent. There were no discipline problems. As there were only five teachers, including the principal, each of us had to be responsible for several subjects. My students in English, Latin, Spanish, physiology, and botany varied greatly in ability, but all were, or pretended to be, willing to learn. Just at first the botany class went slowly, while I was becoming acquainted with flora different from that of the Mid-West.

There was one hitch. I did not have a college degree, and my Oklahoma certificate was not valid in Oregon. To qualify, I had to take the teachers' examinations. It was fortunate that these did not include Oregon History. In fact I had taught in Oregon years before taking a course in the history of Oregon. The examination gained me my one-year certificate. Later, after securing my degree, when I was ready to apply for my life certificate, I asked that it be granted on the basis of graduation from the university rather than that of examination. The reply was that such a change could not be made, but if I cared to pay the fees, all three certificates: one-year, five-year, and life, could be issued at once. So I have all three with the same date, March 30, 1925.

I recall many incidents of that first year; some grave, some amusing. One is of the distress of a girl who brought in her careful drawing of a skeleton, on the back of which her father had written some clever but irreverent verse.

TO KEEP CHILDREN BUSY

Dorothy Willener

Usually in early days a teacher began work in a one-room school with all eight grades, in a farming community, where students had so many chores to do before and after school that their energy was completely absorbed. The two-room schools were usually in places where most of the men were loggers or workers in sawmills. Children with no chores to absorb their time and energy were apt to become trouble makers, just from boredom, unless the teacher's ingenuity devised other means to keep them busy.

One teacher of the four upper grades in such a school resolved to develop an athletic program, though without either knowledge or experience in that field. She learned basketball by studying the Spalding rule book. Then at the beginning of the year she held night classes to teach the boys the rules, before having them take turns as referee at scrimmages in the playshed.

Then they began scheduling games with larger schools, always having to use the opponent's gym because their tiny play shed was completely inadequate. The school bus transported the players and other students who cared to attend. Interested parents and friends made up an enthusiastic rooting section. To the great pride of the woman coach and the whole community, this team ended the season with the championship against seven other teams all coached by men.

LUMBER CAMP SCHOOL

Hilda Luoto Lahti

I started out with a one-year certificate based on the teachers' training courses in the Lincoln High School in Portland. For the first six years I taught in the one-room schools now happily almost extinct. One teacher cannot possibly do all that needs to be done for all pupils of all grades, crowded into one room. Yet, there was an advantage. Children in the lower grades absorbed a great deal of knowledge by listening to the teacher and the older students discussing and demonstrating. Also, children had opportunities to help one another.

My first school was in the Olney branch at a large lumber camp in the hills. The mail carrier let me off near a logging railroad track in a clearing surrounded by a dark forest. Nearby were a noisy machine shop and a few lighted houses. A bear ambled across the road in front of me. A small, shabby building up the hill, with a flagpole in front of it, was the schoolhouse. After a kindly greeting and a good meal from Mrs. Churchill, I took up my quarters in the tiny teacher's room which was equipped with the barest necessities of furniture unskillfully made from unplanned lumber and a cookstove which looked and behaved like a toy. The school equipment consisted of a flat-topped wood heater (next morning I picked up dry branches and chips to make a fire) a teacher's desk, desks for the children a couple of chairs, a small blackboard, a box of chalk, and an unabridged dictionary. I had brought my own books.

There were 14 pupils of all grades except the 8th. That meant that I would not have to return in May to give eighth grade examinations. The six month term for which I was engaged at \$50.00 a month, would end in February. The day's work was subject to interruptions. A bear would cross the clearing and everyone would want to watch it. The stovepipe would fall down filling the room with soot and smoke or the ceiling would catch fire around the unprotected hole through which the pipe passed. I would put on cotton gloves, climb a ladder, and administer first aid.

When only one week of my term remained I was notified that the teacher of the main school at Olney had married and resigned and I had been elected to complete her term at \$70.00 a month. Mrs. Churchill, my first greeter and friend, agreed to finish my term for me. I paid her with a ten-dollar gold piece and my thanks.

After that I taught in several other one-room schools. In one of these, the first grade consisted of two little Finnish girls who had been in school the year before but had been so shy that they had learned nothing either of the English language or anything else. Since I was Finnish I could help them. I labeled every object in the room with its name and taught them the pronunciation. It was surprising how soon they learned to read and use English. One day when we were having their phonics lesson. I saw their father looking through the open window, mouthing the sounds with them, his face shining with delight. After that I would wait to hear the girls read until I saw their father come to take his stand at the window.

There have been many memorable experiences through these years until my retirement as principal of the elementary school at Knappa in 1965.